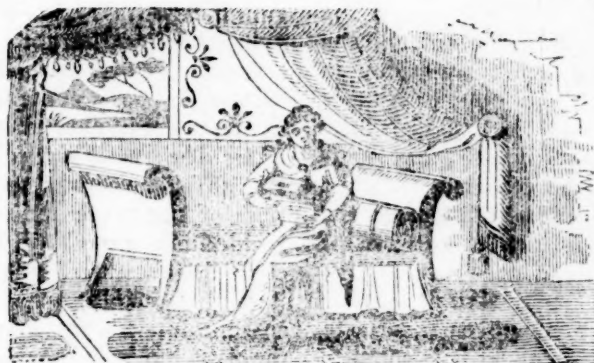


LADIES' LITERARY MUSEUM; OR,



WEEKLY REPOSITORY.

"FIAT PERPETUA."

THE WHITE COTTAGE.

A NOVEL.

WINTER was past, snowballs and skatings, forfeits and dancing, had ceased to amuse the young; tho cards and backgammon still maintained their power over the old. The light of heart, and light of heel, commenced not only their morning but their evening rambles: for in the little sylvan retreat which is the scene of this narrative, evening began at five o'clock. The blue eye of the modest violet was peeping from under its leafy lash, the primroses were decking every sunny bank, and the daisy, tho the flower of every season, was bursting forth in renovated beauty; all animal, as well as all vegetable, nature, seemed to rejoice in the return of Spring, and the little village of Albany shone with happy human faces and lovely blossoms.

Where is Albany? Search the map, and you may not find it; make the tour of Europe, and it may escape your observation; geographers have given it no place in their charts, tho the stranger may have found himself *at home in it!* But we will suppose such a place to exist, and tenanted by such people as I shall describe. If you cannot find them, I will not quarrel with you. If you should find them, and your opinion prove contrary to mine, still I will be in good humor; for the human mind presents as many varieties as the human countenance, and the same objects, and the same circum-

stances, acting upon different persons, produce very different effects.

But to return to Albany. Such was the situation of its inhabitants, and such the season of the year, when a post-chariot, attended by a man-servant on horseback, was driven into the inn-yard—I say *the*, for there was but one in the place.

A lady, "of no particular age," and another who appeared about eighteen, with a female attendant, alighted from the vehicle. In a little time, the two former were seen walking towards the White Cottage, a small but elegant house, which, in repairing, furnishing, and decorating, had occupied the thoughts and exhausted the finances of a tasty widow, who, at the end of six years, when this fabric of her fancy was complete, and when the trees and shrubs that shaded it were beginning to reward the hand of the cultivator by a luxuriant growth, was compelled to withdraw from the spot of her own creation, to-dismember it of all its internal ornaments and furniture, and dispose of it to the best bidder. Another and another inhabitant succeeded; and tho the beauty of the place pleased for a time, its retirement generally produced that *ennui* from which only minds active or studious, and attached to rural scenes and rational habits, can hope to escape. It was now again vacant; and an advertisement, in one of the London papers, attracting the attention of Mrs. Sinclair, she was induced to look at a place which appeared, from its description, exactly suited to her immediate wishes. For this purpose she set

out from the metropolis, where she then resided, and at the end of the second day arrived at Albany. Of the village, or its inhabitants, she was entirely ignorant; but from its geographical situation she imagined it must be healthy, and this with its retirement was her principal consideration. As she descended one of the hills into the village, she could not forbear admiring the lovely valley in which it stood. The church, "pointing with taper spire to heaven," rose in the centre, and high hilly and irregular fields, rich in cultivation, surrounded it on every side; a small stream ran thro the meadows, in which grew in proud luxuriance the tall and graceful arbut. The first impression of the situation was favorable, and she proceeded to the White Cottage with expectations of approving it. Fastidious indeed must have been that taste which did not find beauty there: yet its situation, simply considered, had no particular advantages; but the combination of art, taste, and judgment, had given to a flat surface the mingled beauties of light and shade. Laurels, of which Apollo might have been proud, blended with the cypress, arbut vite, and other perennial plants, defended it from the northernly blasts of winter: High above these, the birch, sycamore, elm, and graceful poplar, raised their aspiring heads, and courted the summer sun. A viranda gave at once shade and elegance to the south-east. The windows opened upon a little lawn, which was terminated by a thick boundary of laurel and firs, which enclosed it from the road. Thus secured from observation, thus retired within itself, like many a fair and modest character, stood the White Cottage of Albany, and was soon engaged by Mrs. Sinclair, as the future abode of herself and Julia Douglass, her niece, who resided with her. As they remained that night at the inn, they walked about the village, and were pleased with the air of neatness and simplicity that characterised both the habitations and the people: in some they saw an attempt at decoration and fashion; but the general appearance was such as they expected in a village seventy miles distant from London, and ten from any populous town; yet it had a post-office, which to Mrs. Sinclair was a very great local recommendation. The parsonage, at a short distance from the church, stood in the valley, embosomed in venerable trees which had shaded the grey heads of many predecessors of the present rector: some of younger growth were planted on the lawn, thro a few openings of which the house was discovered, or rather indistinctly seen; for, like the cottage, this seemed also to withdraw from observation. The green latticed porch, covered with clematis, honeysuckle, and jessamine, was a perfect arbor; every plant that could attach itself to the front of the house, united to form a verdant covering; and in this embosomed dwelling lived the worthy rector, Mr. Herbert, with his wife and daughter.

The baronet's house rose prominently, both in situation and color, about a mile from the village, over which it seemed to throw a disdainful glance. Red as the reddest earth could form the bricks, square, tall, and commanding, with green-houses and hot-houses, and walls and shrubberies, and plantations and canals, and statues and obelisks, and temples and towers, and turrets and summer-houses, in heavy magnificence and gorgeous grandeur, proudly peered the *mansion*—the mansion of sir Thomas Wills, colonel of the county militia, sheriff for the county, and one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the said county—where he resided nine months in the year, with his lady and eight daughters, all unmarried.

With these observations made by Mrs. Sinclair, and the intelligence gained by her maid-servant, the next morning, she left Albany, with an intention of taking up her abode there in about a month.

"Did you see the lady who has been to look at the White Cottage?" said Arabella Hopkins, the attorney's daughter, to Catharine Foster, the apothecary's daughter. "Yes." "And what do you think of her?" "Papa says she is very like the countess of —, whom he was called in to about ten years ago, when she sprained her foot as she jumped from her carriage to walk down the hill into the village—very like her indeed!" "I wish, my dear Catharine, you would not always bring in the countess and her sprained ankle—every body is like *her*, or *not* like her." "Very well, I will offend you no more," said Catharine, rather haughtily. "Pray did you see this lady?" "I did—and I think her one of the finest women I ever saw." "So my papa says—the countess—but I beg pardon—" "O, I find," replied Arabella laughing, "I shall hear of nothing else but the countess to-day, so good bye; and yet (desirous of telling all she remarked) I may as well tell you what I think, and what others think: Tho a fine figure, she was so plainly drest, that no one could have supposed she rode in her own carriage: and as for the young lady with her, whom the maid said was her niece, I am sure I should have never guessed she came from London; for she had nothing on but a plain pelisse, and a close straw bonnet, as mean-looking as Ellen Herbert's." "Perhaps they travel incog." replied Catharine, "for my papa says, great people often do; and Mrs. Sinclair, as she calls herself, had two servants with her—an out-rider as the—" "And an in-rider," said Arabella, partly apprehending something was again coming out about the countess. Catharine, vexed to be interrupted, continued, "Mrs. Sinclair, as *she* calls herself, may do right to travel incog." "I dare say you believe she is really Mrs. Sinclair." "Why, what reason have I to believe otherwise?" "My papa says we should never believe what people say of themselves."

"And my papa," returned Catharine, "says we should live with a friend as if he were one day to become an enemy; but I should not like to be so suspicious." "Well, we shall see who this Mrs. Sinclair is when she lives amongst us," replied Arabella, with a sarcastic smile that intended to convey a great deal.

(To be continued.)

[For this Museum.]

THE PANTHEON.

I have before me a Directory for the year 1814, and, in perusing it, could not avoid observing the multiplicity of names similar in their orthography. I particularly noticed that under the name of Smith not less than seven pages were occupied.—This must of course, cause great confusion in the delivery of letters, but I perceive that some have inserted additional names to remedy the evil. But, notwithstanding every endeavor, daily mistakes occur. Now, Mr. Editor, this said word Smith brought to my recollection, a visit I paid to a gentleman of that name in the country, last summer. I cudgelled my brains to no purpose to discover the real christian titles of his two daughters. The eldest was styled Frizzy, and the other Filly. My curiosity overcame my diffidence, and I enquired of the old gentleman, who is an Englishman, why he had given his daughters Dutch names? You may guess my surprize, when, with a sort of contemptuous sneer, he told me that he had thought I certainly possessed some knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages, after the pains taken to instruct me in them. I was still as wise as ever, and after allowing a few minutes for reflection, he asked me whether I had never read the *Panthon*. I now found he meant the *Pantheon*, but among all the Gods and Goddesses, I could not recollect either Frizzy or Filly, unless, perhaps some of the celebrated horses Xanthus or Pegasus had left any fillies, but I never had discovered an account of them in all my reading.—However at last, after blundering through his explanations, I discovered that Frizzy was an abbreviation of Euphrosyne, and that Filly was derived from no less a personage than Shakspeare's Ophelia! The mania seemed to pervade the neighborhood, at a Millers in the county I found a young lady called Mely. I thought it was merely a burlesque on her father's profession, but was undeceived, when, by turning over the leaves of the family Bible, I perceived that Amelia was the real appellation of the girl.

I think, Mr. Editor, that were a compilation of extraordinary names published, it would be of general benefit to the community.—For instance from Diogenes may be derived Diggy, from Scipio—Scapey; from Crononhoronthologos—Hotlog;

from Bonaparte, already has been derived Bony; and from Guelph—Whelpy; besides hundreds of others, which produce not only pleasing sounds but real utility. I submit to your judgment whether my ideas on the subject are correct. I am certain that many might be formed as harmonious as Fredonia, a lately discovered appellation for America, and other innovations of similar import. As French terms are generally used in our military despatches, I perceive no reason why Greek and Hebrew names should not be added to dignify our citizens.

M. F.

P. S. I hope the Editors of Directories will inculcate the above ideas, in a note affixed to next year's publication.

[For this Museum]

ROGUERY OF SCHOOLMASTERS.

I believe, in all countries there is a great deal of roguery among schoolmasters—how many nice pieces, copy books, &c. are sent home to parents, who plume themselves upon the progress of their children, whilst, at the same time little and no part of them are executed by the pupils, and while the ignorance or carelessness of the parents confirms the contrary idea. I recollect, when at the High School of Edinburg, I received two premiums one day for producing specimens of translations, which in fact were made by the teacher. I marched home in triumph, produced to Mr. —, whose lynx eye, after a few questions discerned the imposition—and as I had brought the translations with me, he desired me to give them to him—praised them and directed me to translate one of his dictation. He actually dictated one of the pieces I had given him, without my discovering it, and when I translated it, bore no resemblance to the other—A candid confession, saved me from the effects of his anger, which reverted on the unfortunate pedagogue, whom he in public taxed with the imposition. The same gentleman, Mr. K. — when studying for the ministry, imitated Demosthenes in order to cure a different kind of impediment than that with which the Grecian was troubled. In short it was nothing more nor less than a broad Hibernian accent. For this purpose, like his prototype he chose the shore for his rostrum, and I was stationed at a certain distance with the sermon in one hand and a handkerchief in the other to notify when I could hear him distinctly. Not liking this amusement much, I was careless about the paper in my left hand, but the handkerchief gave the signal with the right, that I heard him, when, in fact, he was peaching to the winds, or like a certain Roman Saint preaching to the fishes, altho I must say, I did not see one of their heads above water in a listening attitude.

V. D.

[For this Museum.]

A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

A young fellow, being lack of the "necessary evil" went into a tavern in Fifth above Arch street, and after getting a few drops gave the boy a small note to change. The lad went into another room to his master for change, and in the mean time, the gentleman robbed the drawer of a pocket book. Mine host discovered the theft before he had time to escape, and as no other person had been in the room, charged him with taking the book. The accusation was strenuously denied. All would not do, he was seized, and a person despatched for a constable. The culprit watched an opportunity, raised the sash, flew into the street and took to his heels. Soon caught, he vehemently exclaimed against such proceedings towards a gentleman. Being taken before Esq. Guier, and asked who he was, he replied "*A Citizen of the World.*" Several other queries were put and similar answers returned. Among others he was asked of what profession he was. To this he replied, "*A close observer of the rascality of mankind.*" The worthy magistrate humanely thinking, that there could not be a more suitable place for his studies, immediately sent him to prison to prosecute them at leisure. M. F.

[For this Museum.]

A PICKLED SPIDER.

At a hotel in Washington City, a promiscuous number of gentlemen sat down to dinner. A young Cockney, just imported, also took a seat, and entertained the company with a variety of extravagant stories relating to sumptuous entertainments, and the dishes which had been served at them in *Hengland*. He had proceeded with great volubility, and as he thought to a credulous audience, when, at last, a dry old codger, taking advantage of a pause, occasioned by the orator's mouth being full, gravely addressed him with "Pray, friend, didst thou ever eat any pickled spiders?" "Pickled spiders!" exclaimed the astonished Cockney. "Yes, repeated the other, pickled spiders. In some of the eastern states, they are considered a great delicacy, and they are rendered still more so, by garnishing when with a sauce composed of castor oil, or what is still more preferable, train oil and assafœtida." "Impossible," said our hero, "such a dish could not be swallowed"—"Oh, yes," continued his antagonist, "the people in the eastern states are in the habit of *swallowing* much *tougher* ingredients than pickled spiders and assafœtida especially as they are in the practice of frequent *fasting*, which naturally gives them a keener appetite.

The jockey *swallowed* the meaning of the jest, and to this day a tough story bears the term of a pickled spider at Washington. Z.

[For this Museum.]

A PROSPECT.

A few days ago, the high constable of Philadelphia, accompanied by several gentlemen, were examining the work shops in prison, a fellow who had been convicted of counterfeiting was busily employed heading nails. Addressing himself to H.— he exclaimed, "Ah sir, I have a dismal prospect before me."—Oh, no, replied H.— you have a damned sight better prospect before you than some of your old acquaintances who are out. This seemed a paradox to all present, which however, he solved by telling them that it was strictly true, as to his certain knowledge, several who were out, had a sure prospect before them of getting in, while their friend present had a certain prospect before him of getting out.

The solution however did not appear to give any great satisfaction to the complainant, altho' it extorted a smile from him and all present. B.

[For this Museum.]

NEW LIGHTS.

It is a daily established opinion that the gale of popular applause is as fluctuating as the wind, and I believe, the remark is as general in Philadelphia as in any other spot in the world. I allude not solely to political wavering. Religious bickerings prevail to an unaccountable extent, among every denomination. New lights are kindled which blaze with a very deleterious flame. Impartial persons ascribe it to various causes—some attribute it to ambition in individuals, desirous of the first seats in the synagogues—others to a want of real vital religion—others to an *excess of devotion*, or *rather too much moonshine*; but an honest mechanic the other day told me it was a matter of public benefit, as, on account of the divisions in congregations, bricklayers, masons, &c. found employment, who otherwise would be idle in these hard times. It reminds me of a curious sermon delivered by the celebrated Whitfield, on the balcony in front of the Courthouse in Second street, which began with "Father Abraham, are there any Episcopalians in heaven? No! Are there any Methodists? No! Any Baptists? No!--thus he proceeded with his queries to father Abraham, still, however, answering in the negative--His audience wondering what all this would end in, he at last briefly informed them that in heaven there were no distinctions, but that if they would serve God in holiness and truth, they would be all acceptable.

He was more liberal than a person in the western country, who asked a missionary to the Indians, what he wished to effect among the natives, was answered, "he wished to send them to

Abraham's bosom," immediately replied, that father Abraham would not thank him for sending such a pack of savages there, and would be very apt to open the lower part of his vest, and drop them out.

M. F.

[For this Museum.]

OTHMA AND EUGENIA, OR, THE VILLAGE MANIAC.

(Continued.)

Eugenia, for a time, was struck motionless. The stranger, at the name of Othma, had fainted with extreme surprise and emotion. He, however, soon recovered himself, and his eyes again met the wild enquiring gaze of the unhappy maniac. "Good God, be merciful!" he said, in the greatest agony of despair. Eugenia, who was never known, since the fatal evening of her derangement, to stop for more than a moment with any one, now seemed to have lost the power to pass on and leave the stranger. With an involuntary impulse, she raised him in silence from her feet, and led him to the first house, which luckily was the hospitable dwelling of the rector of the village, and which was called the home of the maniac. The benevolent rector received them with astonishment, tho kindly. To question Eugenia, he knew was fruitless. He therefore mildly addressed the trembling stranger. "Friend (said he), your present strange appearance in our hamlet, would alone create an idle curiosity, if not suspicion, in the minds of the inhabitants—how much more so then, since this unhappy maid, the greatest object of their care and solicitude, has taken you under her protection; the lovely Eugenia is —"

"Eugenia! (interrupted the stranger,) Eugenia protect me!—Oh, God!"

"You seem much agitated, sir," resumed the rector.

"Agitated!—yes, I—O no, sir, what should agitate me? Was I in danger? Yes—suspicion—the injured Eugenia, you say —"

"Injured! I did not say injured! Do you *know* the maid!"

"Know her, sir, O!—No, I heard she was be-throthed to one Othma."

"Have you found my Othma?" immediately ejaculated Eugenia, sternly fixing her eyes on the stranger.

"God of Heaven! (he exclaimed) let me not hear those words again! Surely she cannot know—"

"Be calm, sir, (said the rector,) labor not to dis-semble with your God; believe me, as your friend, his arm is heavy upon you. Confide in me—and if my prayers —"

"Will you then pray for me?" said the stranger with extreme eagerness.

"It is my duty to pray for all mankind! and if Heaven will vouchsafe to pardon —"

"Pardon, sir! pardon what?"

"Your—transgressions, sir."

"Sir, we were talking of Eugenia!"

"Have you found my Othma?" again loudly reiterated the maniac.

"Oh, that dreadful curse again!" exclaimed the stranger, striking his breast in the greatest agony of mind, "I can bear it no longer—Heaven *will* have justice, and I *must* disclose my damning crime!—Othma, Othma, I obey you!—yes, here before God and man I will obey you."

The voice of the maniac once more struck his ears, and he immediately fell on his knees before her, and continued, "Behold his murderer!—his traiter-ous murderer!—It was I who feigned the cry of distress in the fatal wood!—It was I who so treacherously, basely stabbed him to the heart, as his friendly arm was stretched to give me help!—Oh, see, see, how he reels in agony—he tries to follow me, as I retreat to my boat, from the horrid scene, with my hands stained with the blood of murdered innocence!—see, he falls, weltering in his gore!—Oh, there, there, is Othma! —"

He paused, speechless with remorse. Eugenia eagerly looked to the place at which he pointed, as if expecting to see the dear object of her search and enquiry—but in vain. Resuming her steadfast gaze on the miserable wretch at her feet, she again broke the silence by repeating her monotonous, but dreadful enquiry. The horrid demand, awakened his feelings anew, and he repeated, "Behold his murderer! behold him brought to thy feet, a humble suffering penitent, by the mysterious power of avenging Heaven, thundering to my guilty conscience by the voice of a maniac, which, like the racks of hell, have here drawn from my inmost soul the continued torture of sixteen years—the threatenings of the injured shade of Othma! which, for sixteen years, has never quitted these blasted eyes, nor failed a night to command me to return to the village of Zathar and tell Eugenia that I murdered Othma!—then, and not till then, should I die in peace!—Peace! what a stranger here! hell has usurped your place, and hell must ever be my portion! Yes, Eugenia, I have found your Othma! See, there he is again, there he stands, beckoning me to approach, he says I shall now have peace, for he forgives me! But, oh, my God, canst thou grant me pardon?—hast thou peace for murderers?—there cannot be!—My life-blood seems ebbing fast!—Oh, Eugenia, I cannot tell you all; love—jealousy—hatred—for you I stabbed your Othma—for you, I have suffered years of torture—for you I receive eternal condemnation!—Good God! spare me yet a while! pardon my sinful soul, and—Oh!"

He stopped, and fell lifeless. The rector, who, during this tragical scene, had been imploring the mercy of the Almighty, in behalf of this wretched being, raised him in his arms, and administered medical aid, but all in vain—the vital spark was fled forever!

"Mysterious Heaven!" ejaculated the rector, and again addressed a devout prayer to the throne of grace. Eugenia remained motionless and silent, gazing on the corpse, as if still unconscious of all that had been passing. The rector had just risen from his devotion, and removed the body to an adjoining room, when his attention was again drawn to his door, by a loud knocking from without, which he readily opened, and immediately entered the long-lost Othma!

(To be concluded in our next.)

[For this Museum.]

SHORT SENTENCES.

I often think, on perusing philosophical treatises on the changes of climates, that the warmth with which those discussions are carried must be owing to a physical change in the bodily temperature of the disputants. The older we grow, we look upon the conduct of younger persons in a different light every year, without referring to our own opinions and conduct in earlier life. M. F.

The pomp and parade used at the funerals of the rich and great seldom has the desired effect proposed by their relatives. The mind is mostly abstracted from the contents of the coffin to the outside glitter of the ornaments. M. F.

MERIT.—A man of brilliant talents, combating the storms of adversity and misfortune, is like the sun behind a cloud; hid, but not impaired, obscured, not forever, but only for a time; to shine with greater splendor, when those storms are over, like the sun when the cloud has passed away. D.

[Selections.]

DR. YOUNG.

The celebrated Dr. Young, not long before his marriage, walking in his garden at Welwyn, with his elected bride, and another lady, a servant came to tell him, a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says the Dr. "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted that he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his friend, and his patron; and as persuasion had no effect on him, they took him, one by the right arm, and the other by the left, and forcibly drew him to the garden gate. He then laid his hand upon his heart, and in the most expressive manner, uttered the following

EXTEMPORE.

"Thus, Adam lookt, when from the garden driven,
"And, thus, disputed orders sent from Heaven:
"Like him I go, but yet to go am loth;
"Like him I go, for *Angels* drove us both!
"Held was his fate, but mine still more unkind—
"His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind!"

PRIZE MONEY.

When Mr. Whitfield once preached at a chapel in New England, where a collection was to be made after a sermon, a British seaman, who strolled into the meeting, observed some persons take plates, and place themselves at the door; upon which he laid hold of one, and taking his station received a considerable sum from the congregation as they departed, which he very deliberately put into his tarry trowsers. This being told to Whitfield, he applied to the sailor for the money, saying it was collected for charitable uses and must be given to him. Avast there, said Jack, it was given to me, and I shall keep it. You will certainly be damned, said the parson, if you don't return it! I'll be damned if I do, replied Jack.

Sunday Reading.

No. II.

A SABBATH AT GENEVA.

THE AFTERNOON SERVICE.

It will be perceived that the reformed service somewhat resembles that of Dissenters, or more nearly that of the Church of Scotland, except as to reading some of the prayers. And also that, as in some of those assemblies, the grand defect was the omission of any reading of the Scriptures, the recital of the Commandments alone excepted. In most other respects, I confess I was much pleased with the whole service. I was offended at the sight of some men in their hats (during the service only, I think,) and surprised that neither on entering or leaving the place of worship did any one pause to beg the blessing of God upon the service. Every person put something, on going out, into a box for the poor, as the custom also is in Scotland. As it was only eleven o'clock when the service was commenced, I returned to Secheron.

I remained reading and writing till a quarter past one, when I again walked into Geneva, though it was not very hot, the mist having entirely disappeared, and the scenery around us having resumed all its brilliant magnificence. There was no service to-day at the cathedral; but I found an audience assembling in a small church opposite to it, and immediately joined it. The course of the service was the same as in the morning, except that the extemporaneous prayer before the sermon, which was very pious and animated, was longer; and that the confession and intercession were different, being, I presume, the form appointed for the evening service. The preacher in the morning was a man of sixty; this in the afternoon appeared younger than myself. His congregation was also very large. He preached from Hebrews ii. 3. "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" I was again gratified by a very able, eloquent and affecting discourse. He began by a short contrast between the two dispensations of the Law and the Gospel, pursuing the general argument of the Apostle in this Epistle. He then described the nature and greatness of the Christian salvation. It was great as to its Divine Author, its mysterious, important doctrines, and its heavenly promises. What was it to neglect this salvation? Not merely to apostatize or to disgrace our profession by open vices; but to act inconsistently with that profession—to believe, or profess to believe as Christians, and not to live like heathens—to be careless, worldly, vain, lovers of pleasure than of God. Much and excellently did he say upon these points. How could such escape? The Gospel had its judgments as well as its mercies, its terrors as well as its promises—But this was St.

Paul. What did *Jesus Christ* say? (mark how human nature is the same at Geneva as in England.) He replied admirably, by quoting some of the awful denunciations of the Saviour himself, against careless and impenitent sinners.—How could the negligent escape? Would they plead their honesty, their harmlessness, their charity, their professions? Could they escape the vigilance or the power of their judge? Could they endure his frown, or conciliate his mercy? Every thing of this kind was equally vain: there was but one way of escape and of safety. It was to be really Christians—it was to repent, believe, and obey the Gospel. He concluded with some persuasive arguments, with a particular allusion to the previous celebration of the sacrament in that church; with expressing what he trusted were the desires, and the resolutions of many of their auditors, if they had followed him in the train of his exhortations; and with an earnest prayer that the Almighty would vouchsafe his effectual blessing. I was much delighted with this sermon; though more labored and eloquent than that in the morning, it seemed equally sincere, and certainly upon my own mind was equally impressive. In both cases, there was monotony of tone in the delivery; but this was compensated by great propriety and force of action. The morning preacher is indulged, I understand, from his age, with reading his sermon; but it was not perceptible.

In the afternoon the discourse was pronounced entirely without notes, and I presume, from its uncommon correctness, memoriter. In each case, the preacher, after having read his text from a Bible, shut the book, and laid it aside on the edge of the pulpit. There sat a clerk in the desk below, who, however, took no other part in the service than in singing, which he did standing: while the rest of the congregation, to my great annoyance, sat like the Dissenters. I must not forget to add, that the doctrine of both preachers was far from being strictly or formally Calvinistic; though Calvin was, and is, nominally, the oracle of Geneva, would have ranked with what is usually termed evangelical religion in England. The clergy, I understand, receive only about 60*l.* per annum;—but they are generally possessed of some private fortune, and may be theological, though not philosophical, professors in the academy, and engage, as in England, in private tuition. The singing was not so good this afternoon as in the morning; but the words of the last hymn, evidently referring to those who had previously partaken of the Lord's Supper, struck me as peculiarly beautiful.

Such were the religious services in which I was engaged this day at Geneva; and judging from their effect upon myself, I cannot but hope that they must prove beneficial to those for whom

they were more immediately designed. The general appearance of the city was certainly more decorous and grave than we had hitherto observed upon the continent.—Most of the shops were shut, and the congregations were as large, I understand, at the other churches, as at those which I attended;—yet I am sorry to say, that the close of the Sabbath, even at Geneva, but little corresponds with the seriousness of the public worship. Evening parties are universal, in which the elderly inhabitants do not scruple to play at cards, and the young people are permitted to dance! I took the liberty of expostulating with a respectable man upon this glaring inconsistency. He defended it upon the plea of the necessity of relaxing the gravity of Sunday employments, lest the younger part of the community should be disgusted, and resort to less innocent amusements than were thus allowed them. I trust that the progress of religious truth in the renovated Republic, more particularly through the influence of the Bible Society, established last year at Geneva, may tend to correct this evil, and to produce a sounder mode of thinking upon the important subject of the Sabbath.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 12, 1817.

In the establishment of all *new* periodical publications, a difficulty will always attend the punctual delivery of the first numbers, arising from more causes than one. Removals, or imperfect directions given at the time of subscribing, are perhaps not among the least. But the primary cause may be, the little knowledge which *carriers* cannot but possess of the particular residence of each subscriber, at the time of commencing the publication. To these causes, it is hoped, will be attributed the few neglects which took place in the first distribution of this paper. Some of its patrons, the carrier was unable to serve until Monday; and two or three, or perhaps more, have not yet received their numbers—such persons will much oblige by notifying the editor, as soon as possible, of such delinquencies. A little time and practice, will inform the carrier sufficiently, to obviate every evil of this nature.

The returns of distant subscribers were not received in time for the regular transmission of the first number—they will receive it at the same time with the second; after which, the editor will spare no pains in his power to forward the paper regularly and promptly.



*" Oft from her careless hand, the wandering muse,
" Scatters luxuriant sweets, which well might form,
" A living wreath to deck the brows of time."*

[For this Museum.]

The Lyre of Love.

STRAIN II.—SONG.

Whate'er my destiny may prove to be,
On peaceful shores, or on the stormy sea;
My heart shall beat forever fond and true,
SELA! my hope! my heav'n! to love and you!
Whether in joy or pain, afar or near,
For you alone shall flow the softest tear;
For you, the deepest, warmest sigh arise,
In frozen climes, or under burning skies.

Whate'er my destiny, to know and feel,
The balm of friendship, or the heart of steel;
Whether the barbed thorn, or scented rose,
Shall wound my soul, or lull me to repose;
In need or plenty, sickness or in health,
My love shall be my stay, my pride, my wealth;
And whether tides of woe or rapture roll,
I still shall love you as I love my soul.

Should flatt'ring hopes, like opening buds of flow'rs,
Rear on my faithful breast their fragrant bow'rs;
Or should despair, with cruel rudeness, tear
And kill each od'rous blossom ripening there;
And nought but thorns of endless misery,
Become at last my hated destiny;
Still shall I love you till this pulse is o'er,
And passion lives within my breast no more.

EDWARD.

STRAIN III.—THE VOW.

WHEN the morning sun shall refuse its light,
And the seasons here ne'er again return;
When the moon shall cease to be seen at night,
And the twinkling stars shall no longer burn:
Then another love shall enflame my mind,
And my vows to you be an idle tale;
And I'll change indeed, like the faithless wind
Which the sea-boy hears in the home-set sail!

When the rose in bloom shall be cast away,
And its thorn prefer'd, by the soul refin'd;
When the heart alive to the softest lay,
Shall be cold and dead to the feeling mind:
Then by length of time, or by change of scene,
Shall your image fade from my mind away;
Like the night-dew pearl on the myrtle green,
Which no eye can trace on the next-born day!

When the flinty heart shall be dear and sweet,
To the lovely breast of the tender maid;
And congenial souls shall be loth to meet,
By the twilight star or the moonlight shade:
Then no more of you will I love to sing,
But will ever search for a something new;
Like th'inconstant fly, of the golden wing,
That delights to kiss every rose in view!

When these things so strange shall appear to you,
Then begin to doubt all my vows sincere;
For my heart, I swear, shall be always true,
Till its pulse is still on its mourning bier.
For my love to you is no transient fire,
Which may pass away like a season new;
But 'tis friendship warm'd into soft desire,
And can therefore glory of reason too. EDWARD.

[For this Museum.]

SONG.

FORGET ME NOT, while sighs of love
The sensate heart shall gently move;
And tears from eyes of softest blue,
Adorn the cheek of brightest hue:
While maids ador'd, in dreams appear,
And youths below'd are fancied near;
While virgins, pledg'd the married lot,
Shall dream of bliss, forget me not!

Forget me not, while woman's smile
Can each corroding care beguile;
And all that sensate souls adore,
Can swell the bosom's richest store:
While all that's tender, dear, and sweet,
Shall bid two souls congenial meet;
And mutual love's their happy lot,
In union sweet, forget me not!

Forget me not, while love invades
The tender souls of rural glades,
And either in profusion show'rs
The sharpest thorns or fairest flow'rs:
While each delights to bear in turn,
The other's rose, the other's thorn;
And live to grace the rustic cot,
Forget me not, forget me not! ALPHA.

[For this Museum.]

The purse-proud slave, with pompous soul,
May golden gifts impart,
And win the eye without controul,
But never touch the heart.

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